

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

MINOR & MURRAY, Editors.

"If thou hast truth to utter, Speak! and leave the rest to God."—GALLAGHER.

A. J. PICKENS, Publisher.

Volume 1.

HOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

Number 29.

THE BANNER.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

There can be but little doubt that matters between Mexico and this Government are assuming a threatening aspect. It has ever been our opinion, that had Mexico been left alone, and no foreign influence brought to bear upon her, that such a state of things as a declaration of war would never have been thought of; that the relations of amity and peace which have heretofore existed between the two nations would have been uninterrupted. But the secret and underhanded negotiations which have been going on between that nation and France and England combined with her present boasting and menacing position, induce us to believe that these two rival powers have been mainly instrumental in producing this disturbance, in the hope that they might profit by it. So certain were the American ships of a declaration of war on the part of Mexico, that they (without exception) left the ports of that Government, fearful that they would be captured. At Vera Cruz they were collecting in the munitions of war. A strenuous effort is making on the part of the Government to borrow \$12,000,000, as it is supposed, for the purpose of carrying on that war.—We take the following extract from the N. O. Picayune:

"As regards a declaration of war on the part of Mexico, to our minds nothing seems more probable. Such a course is necessary to the political existence of some, to the inordinate vanity of others, and to give a third class a better chance to rob the public chest than they now enjoy. The ignorant masses, unconscious of the inevitable defeat that awaits them from the lack of knowledge of their own resources and those of their adversaries, join in the hostile hue and cry. A two years' war if it could be protracted that length, might be of immense service in the long run to Mexico, in opening the eyes of the inhabitants to their true condition. In the meantime, the course of the United States is simple enough. Every protection to its own citizens should be given on land and water—this is a first duty. In the second place, a sufficiency of Mexican territory should at once be taken possession of to pay all the expenses of a war they have foolishly brought upon their heads, and such territory should be held until every claim is settled to the last fraction.

Amos Kendall's life of General Jackson, is soon to appear. It will be, beyond doubt, a work of deep interest. The life and adventures of the old Hero itself, furnishes an almost inexhaustible theme for the pen of the historian; and we have every assurance that it will lose none of its interest in the hands of Mr. Kendall. It will be recollected that Gen. Jackson desired that Mr. Kendall should have the use of all of his private papers for this purpose, and that they should be returned to the hands of F. P. Blair, late of the "Globe."

The following is a short and condensed sketch of the life of Gen. Jackson, by the eccentric, though talented T. F. Marshall of Kentucky, some years since. It is certainly a graphic picture:

"He has never been, through life, without an antagonist, and he has always been victorious. His horses always won when he was a racer. He had a contest with Dickinson, and killed him. He had a fracas with the Bentons, and clared them out. He used up Packenham and the British army at New Orleans, those veterans who had gone through the Peninsula without meeting an adversary who could withstand them for a moment. He hung Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and bullied the Senate when called to account for it. He beat John Quincy Adams in the race for the Presidency, and crushed the 'monster bank' under the heel of his military boot. For the many inju-

ries he has done the country, it would seem that some retribution were due in the next world, if not in this. But even there the hero has proved too hard for his enemy, for he has turned Presbyterian and cheated the devil himself."

Dr. HEAD, lately elected delegate to the Convention from the Randolph district, died a few days after his election.

The Worcester Palladium says, the editor of a 'streetotal temperance' paper has sued a rum-seller for libel, and attached a store full of rum for damages.

The burnt district in the city of New York, is rapidly filling up with new and splendid buildings.

The U. S. Journal is not satisfied with the annexation of Texas—it goes for the "three K's—Kana-da, Kuba and Kalifornia." Good! and Knovy Scotia, too!

We have received but few returns from the recent election in Iowa, but they indicate that Dodge, Dem., has been re-elected a Delegate to Congress by a reduced majority, and the constitution rejected.

We commend the following article to the delegates who compose the Convention. In many respects our Constitution is defective, but an entire change in that instrument will most certainly be the means of defeating it. Then we say with the "Courier," that it is bad policy to meddle too much.

"We see that various papers in the State are recommending numerous amendments to the Constitution, in addition to the primary alterations to effect which the State Convention has been called. This is bad policy.—While we recognize the right of all to investigate and discuss the provisions and effects of our fundamental law, and to suggest such improvements as may seem to be reasonable and necessary, we should regret to see amendments urged that would impede the progress of the Convention in its legitimate duties, or protract its session beyond a reasonable and economical period. Our Constitution, with the exception of one or two provisions, is a very good one as it is, and good policy would say, 'let well enough alone.' Too many amendments may render the constitution obnoxious to the people, and increase the probabilities of its rejection. The Convention will have sufficient to do to adjust the special objects of its convocation; when the delegates step beyond the particular sphere of action with which they are charged, they tread upon dangerous ground. Prudence would therefore suggest to the press not to urge upon them too wide a diversion from the strict line of their legitimate duties.

DANIEL BOONE.

The remains of this gallant and intrepid pioneer, have been removed to the State of Kentucky. It is to be regretted that our State, the land of his adoption, his home and his grave, does not retain the relics of this noblest of her sons. His fame is the property of Missouri, and is interwoven in every chapter of her early history.

In the language of the lamented Linn, "Boone was a living type, an impersonation as it were, of the spirit which had settled this continent." That spirit is still undimmed and elastic, and its influences are felt in the zeal which penetrates the gorges of the Rocky mountains, and which plants the American flag on the shores of the Pacific. So long as this spirit animates the hearts of the people, so long will the name of Boone be remembered with pride by every American.—[Jefferson Inquirer.]

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed it is half discovered. "My dear murrphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret that I told you? I told you I was going to keep it myself, didn't I do it well to tell it to somebody that could?"

O. A. BROWNSON.

Rufus W. Griswold thus writes in the National Intelligencer, of the distinguished editor of "Brownson's Review":—

"Lord Brougham was talking to one of those changelings who reluctantly disgrace our country by admitting that they were born here, of our literature. 'Oh, we have no writers worth mentioning in the United States!' His lordship mentioned some half dozen who are world-renowned, concluding with an allusion to Brownson. 'Brownson—Brownson! I never heard of him!' exclaimed our representative; and he was advised to return and study his works as those of one of the greatest men of the age. Orestes Brownson is certainly a very extraordinary man. He is bold and powerful, and, notwithstanding his want of consistency, honest. Conscious of the possession of great abilities, conscious of the validity of certain claims he has unattained good reputation and happiness, he has sought for both through almost every variety of action and opinion—always thinking himself right, though nearly always, as he has been doomed to learn, in the wrong. He is an exceedingly voluminous writer, in religion and politics, as well as in metaphysics, and his works, if collected and chronologically printed, from Charles Elwood down to his last speech in defence of the Roman religion, would present the most remarkable and interesting of psychological histories."

KENTUCKY.

The Louisville Democrat of Thursday last says: In this city the Whigs have given a majority of 704 for their candidate for Congress.

We have not the full returns from the county; but Miller, one of the Democratic candidates is certainly elected; and the reported majorities give Bryan, the other Democratic candidate, a majority of one vote over the highest Whig candidate.—The contest, however, is so close that it is uncertain whether Bryan or Jones (Whig) is elected. Last year both candidates from this county (Jefferson) were Whigs.

Nuttall's majority over Thompson in the county will be 60 or 70.

Hear the outpourings of an honest heart in regret for the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables.—Farewell! farewell! old trousers! Long time we've snuggled together—Variety of scenes gone through—And braved all sorts of weather!

An Eloquent Inaugural.—A western editor has the following burst of patriotism in his prospectus:—Devotion to the land that gave me birth and the glorious principles under which I have been reared, has forced me into the ranks of her illustrious champions.

I shall continue to defend her rights unwearied by power, unswayed by wealth. But if the cash don't begin to come in, darned if I don't have to slope.

Washing by Machinery.—They are washing in New York by machinery on an extensive scale. The True Sun says the clothes are first put in a drum with four openings large enough to contain four hundred pieces at one time. Through the shaft on which this revolves, steam and water is let in upon the contents. In fifteen minutes they are thoroughly cleansed. From this they are removed to washing tubs and rinsed. They are then pressed between two iron rollers covered with blankets, and the water is removed from them.—They are next taken to the upper story and dried. They are then starched and ironed, and returned to the owners. Upwards of thirty females are constantly employed in the management of this establishment. The machinery is driven by a steam engine of Twenty-Horse power, though it is not as yet all in use for this particular purpose. The work performed daily is equivalent to that of one hundred persons, and the clothes are beautifully got up.

A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his throat; a tattler's is long enough to cut half the throats of a whole neighborhood.

"I say, landlord," inquired a loafer, "what are you going to charge to keep me all the winter for nothing?"

[From the Platte Argus of the 24.]

OREGON.

Letter from Peter H. Burnett, Esq.

The following letter was received yesterday, by a citizen of this county, from Mr. Burnett, of the way of Oahu, and forwarded to the American Consul. The letter is so interesting, and so full of friends and neighbors, and so full of importance to all who take an interest in the affairs of Oregon:

PALATINE PLAINS, Oregon, }
Nov. 1844. }

The emigrants are all arriving, and will be here in a few weeks at furthest, and I expect to receive other letters & papers, which I am informed are on the way. I have now an opportunity of writing a hasty letter, as one of H. B. Co's ships, the Columbia, leaves Vancouver in a few days for the Sandwich Islands.

Our country is most beautiful, fertile, and well watered, with the most equable and pleasant climate. Our population is rapidly increasing, and the country is making great progress in wealth and refinement. I have never yet before seen a population so industrious, sober, and honest as this. I know many, very many young men, who were the veriest vagabonds in the States, who are here respectable and doing exceedingly well. Our crops the past year (1844) have been most bountiful, and we have not only a full supply of wheat for our consumption, but a large quantity for exportation. Large numbers of cattle are raised here, which are never fed or sheltered. Many men have from three to four hundred head of cattle. Sheep can be had here in any desirable number, as the H. B. Company have a large flock, and many private individuals have a large quantity.

Ever this reaches you, perhaps you will have learned that we have a regular government in most successful operation in Oregon. When I first reached this region, about a year ago, I thought any attempt at organization might be premature. I had not, however, been here long, before it was conceived that a government of some kind was inevitable. It grew out of stern invincible necessity. Our commercial and business transactions were considerable. Difficulties were daily occurring between individuals in relation to their "claims," the estates of deceased persons were daily devoured, and helpless orphans plundered; crimes were committed, and the base and unprincipled, the reckless and turbulent, were hourly trampling upon the rights of the honest and peaceable.—A civilized population, numerous as we were, could not exist without government. The thing was impossible. We, therefore, organized a government of our own.

We have no money, no means, I was a member of the Legislature. I had most of the business to do.—We passed a tax bill, appointed an assessor, and permitted every man not to pay a tax, if he chose so to do, but if he did not pay, being able, we debarr'd him from suing in the courts as plaintiff. At the same time we passed acts to protect all bona fide settlers in their claims to the amount of 640 acres. The tax bill operated like a charm. Nearly all the whole population paid without hesitation.—We selected a tall East Tennessean, Joseph L. Meek, for our sheriff. He had been in the mountains with Wm. L. Sublette, for eight or ten years, was exceedingly good humored, very popular, and as brave as Julius Caesar. The very first warrant he had delivered to him, was issued for the apprehension of a very quarrelsome and turbulent man, who resisted Meek with a broad axe, but Meek, presenting a cocked pistol, took the fellow, *adans volens*. The next, and only case of serious resistance to our laws, was on the part of Joel Turnham, of Mo., son of May Turnham, of Clay County. He had assaulted an individual, and a warrant was issued by a justice of the peace.—Turnham was himself constable, and John Edmonds was deputized to arrest him. Turnham resisted with a large butcher's knife; but Edmonds had a pistol with six barrels well charged. He shot Turnham 4 times, the last ball entering above the temple, when he immediately expired.—These are all the obstructions to the administration of justice we have had, and in Edmonds' case, he was fully justified in killing Turnham, even if he had no warrant, as T., assaulted him first, and pursued him

with great violence to the last.

We have now five counties and two terms of the circuit court in each county in every year. We have but one judge, who discharges the duties of probate judge, chancellor, and what not; in fact we have only a few circuit courts and justices of the peace. Our government was intended only as provisional, to exist until some regular government could be established. We adopted the statute laws of Iowa, where applicable to our condition and not modified by our Legislature.

We are now waiting most anxiously for the result of Pakenham's mission, and if the two governments have not settled the question between them, the moment that fact is known, there will be one universal movement made. A regular convention will be held, and a constitution adopted, (republican no doubt) and an independent government put in operation at once. Necessity will compel us to the step. The population of this country are no doubt desirous to live under the government of the United States, but if she will never do anything for us, we must and will do it for ourselves. The people here are worn out by delay, and their condition becomes every day more intolerable. I speak to you with great candor, for you know me, and know that I withhold nothing, and disguise nothing. We are well satisfied that the United States government, as well as Great Britain, could not object, and would not object, if we form an independent government for ourselves, situated as we are. Treaties must be made with the Indians, and many other things of importance must necessarily be done.

Our population about doubles every year, and our business troubles.—We will soon have a printing press and a paper of our own. We can then publish our laws.

The practice of law has commenced, and I have several important suits on hand.

I have a fine claim, perhaps among the best in Oregon, situated in the centre of one of those most beautiful prairies, called the Pallatine Plains. I am in excellent health, contented and happy. Mrs. B's health has improved, and my children are all well fat and fine.

Your friend,

PETER H. BURNETT.

A letter from New York of the 26th, furnishes another striking evidence of the recuperative energy, the great enterprise, and the resources of our countrymen. "We are recovering (says the writer) gradually from the effects of our late disastrous fire. The loss will be very heavy—some \$6,000,000, at least; but it falls in most instances, on these generally who are abundantly able to bear it. Very few of the poorer classes have been injured.—The loss of life is the worst feature in such a calamity. It is a little surprising that the total annihilation of six millions of capital in one night should make no visible impression upon the financial condition of the market. The fact shows conclusively how firm is the foundation on which our business rests, and how much real wealth is employed by our merchants.—The insurance companies will probably all pay their losses in full, and all but four will continue their business. The assets from which their payments are to be made, consists mainly in government and State stocks. These will be thrown into market from time to time, and sold. Capitalists will be ready to take them for investment. The money thus drawn from surplus deposits in bank, will be at once returned to the active business community, in payment for the goods and buildings destroyed. It is barely possible that in the changing of so large a sum from hand to hand, a slight and temporary pressure may be made on our city banks. (The writer points out how even that pressure may be avoided.) But no serious effect is anticipated; and a month will scarcely elapse before the three hundred buildings, so suddenly swept away, will be in process of active restoration.—We do not lack enterprise or fortitude; and should you need a few millions to maintain our national rights in the West, you will find, if I do not greatly err, that we are not entirely destitute of patriotism."

A TRUSTY JUROR.

In trial for capital offences, it is usual for the Clerk of the Court to propound to each juror as he is called, and before he is empaneled, the following questions:

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Do you cherish any conscientious scruples with regard to capital punishment?"

"Are you akin to the prisoner?"

A trial for murder in the first degree, or as a sportsman would term it, a race for life and death, came off a short time since, within less than one hundred miles from civilization, when a juror, who had not acted in that noble capacity before, a man of light complexion and considerable spunk, vain without, and with a dash of what answers to Addison's definition of "vicious modesty," was the very first man called to decide upon the issue of life and death.

The accused was a buck negro, shining black, with hair as stiff and coarse as the teeth of a carding machine.

Clerk—Prisoner, look upon the juror—Juror look upon the prisoner!—Do you challenge?

Counsel for prisoner—Not peremptorily.

Clerk—Have you formed or expressed an opinion with regard to the guilt or innocence of the accused?

Juror—Why what a question.—How should I?

[Clerk repeats the question.]

Juror—Why I never saw him before.

Clerk—Answer the question—yes or no.

Juror—No sir ree!

Court—No sport here, it is too serious a matter.

Clerk—Have you any conscientious scruples?

Juror—I have a few left.

Clerk—I mean about inflicting capital punishment for crime?

Juror—None whatever, I do assure you.

This emphatic declaration brought the prisoner's counsel to his feet, who was going to argue that the manner in which the juror's last answer was given was a good cause for challenge, but he was stopped by the court.

Clerk—Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror—What!

[Clerk repeats the question.] Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror—Who do you take me for?

Clerk—Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror—Your face is blacker on Sundays than mine on week-days, and your hair is wool. Are you akin to the prisoner?

Clerk—Answer the question.

Juror—Akin to the devil. My kin are respectable people.

Here the cloudy brow of the court indicated that the conference should be cut short, and the prisoner's counsel boding no good from the juror's contemptuous opinion of his client, challenged the juror for cause, namely, an opinion expressed.

Juror continues—What, I am insulted by that blackguard clerk, and now one of his high buldies has challenged me. No, I'll fight the clerk first, and his bully afterwards—no fighting by proxy—none.

Court to Juror—Sir, you are challenged—yet may retire.

Juror—I never turned back on friend or foe—I'll not retire.

Court—Sir, you are committed for twenty-four hours for contempt of court. Sheriff, take him into custody.—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The next Presidential election, which will take place in 1848, will be held on the same day, simultaneously in every State of the Union. By that time, it is probable that Morse's Magnetic Telegraph will be erected to communicate with the capital of every State, and the result of the election may be known at any point as soon as the returns are transmitted to the Capitol. This will save much anxiety and prevent great speculation.

Hallo there, Tommy, my boy, what are you climbing up that ladder for?

To see how high the thermometer is, dad.

Well how high is it my son?

Just above the third story window. I don't no idea it was so warm! How o-o!